Marrie for Iuſtice ſhe is ſo imployd,
He thinkes with *Ioue* in heauen, or ſome where elſe,
So that perforce you muſt needs ſtay a time.
*Titus.* He doth me wrong to feed me with delayes,
Ile diue into the burning lake below,
And pull her out of Acaron by the heeles.
*Marcus* we are but ſhrubs, no Cedars we,
No big-bond-men, framd of the Cyclops ſize,
But mettal *Marcus*, ſteele to the very backe,
Yet wrung with wrongs more then our backs can beare:
And ſith there's no iuſtice in earth nor hell,
We will ſolicite heauen, and moue the Gods,
To ſend downe Iuſtice for to wreake our wrongs:
Come to this geare, you are a good Archer *Marcus*.

*He giues them the Arrowes.*

*Ad Iouem*, that's for you, here *ad Apollonem*,
*Ad Martem*, that's for my ſelfe,
Here boy to *Pallas*, here to *Mercury*,
To *Saturnine*, to *Caius*, not to *Saturnine*,
You were as good to ſhoote againſt the winde.
To it boy, *Marcus* looſe when I bid,
Of my word, I haue written to effect,
There's not a God left vnſollicited.
*Marcus* Kinſmen, ſhoot all your ſhafts into the Court,
We will afflict the Emperour in his pride.
*Titus.* Now Maiſters draw, oh well ſaid *Lucius*,
Good boy in *Virgoes* lap, giue it *Pallas*.
*Marc.* My Lord, I aime a mile beyond the Moone,
Your letter is with *Iupiter* by this.
*Titus.* Ha, ha, *Publius*, *Publius*, what haſt thou done?
See, ſee, thou haſt ſhot off one of *Taurus* hornes.
*Marcus.* This was the ſport my Lord, when *Publius* ſhot,
The Bull being gald, gaue *Aries* ſuch a knocke,
That downe fell both the Rams hornes in the Court,

And